

OLIVE HARPER'S IDEA

SHE DESCRIBES THE NICEST GOWN OF THE SEASON.

It is an elegant affair, but please to drop a tear for the man who pays for it. The warmest outdoor wraps described. A Gold Chain is held the staff.

[Special Correspondence.] New York, Dec. 28.—Sometimes I wonder why women do not get tired of buying new gowns, or at least tired of trying to get a new fashion of making them up, if they really must have another dress, but just as I begin to feel like that a benevolent Providence sets before me something that is so new and so ex-



MODEL HOME DRESS.

cellent from one point of view or other that I forthwith feel my missionary spirit aroused anew and I set to work with a good heart to tell about it.

Today I dropped into a grand establishment where they wouldn't look at a piece of goods with a view to making a dress of it for less than \$40, and they make you feel as if they were doing you a great honor and favor by doing it for that. Well, here I found what I call one of the nicest gowns of the season. It is graceful, useful and plain, while still very elegant. What more could one desire? This gown was cut quite simple around the bottom, and walking length. Around the bottom were three rows of brown fur. The material, I should have said, was the new colored diagonal cheviot, with part of the waist brown, and the interesting ones of mixture holding brown, red, gray, purple and green, all so mingled that it looked like a field of purple heather. The diagonal waist was thrown above in brown, only, making a choice and beautiful pattern dress in itself.

The waist was cut perfectly plain, but had a wide, folded capelet, both made of brown moire, lined with cherry satin, which showed in the folds. At the waist were two straight hemmed puffs, gathered only sufficiently to set up a little full. The sleeves were medium large gignots. As a finishing touch, there was a narrow border of fur around the high collar. This dress was lined throughout with brown taffetas and had five narrow pinked ruffles set on the inside. The general style of this gown may be made a model for those who have a new one to make. Dressmaking is easier for the amateur today than it ever was before, and almost any one can follow this design closely and have a stylish gown with little trouble.

I am sure my sisters will all agree with me when I say that we shall need our warmest outdoor garments now. The jackets, the capes and the various short wraps are now insufficient, and the long wrap is a necessity. There are many styles of such garments. The ulster, the newmarket, the pelisses and the regular cloaks and pelisses come under that heading. There are long fur pelisses for those who can afford them and other wraps lined with rabbit and squirrel skins, but really the most satisfactory garment is a long wrap warmly lined and trimmed with fur. For such garments black cloth, fine serge, alye cloth, whipcord, matelasse and woolen broadens are the handiest, as they are all sufficiently heavy and are good wearing fabrics. They can be trimmed to suit the wearer.

One handsome winter wrap shown yesterday was of rich, fine whipcord and was cut somewhat in the circular shape, and set upon a round yoke, to which



COLD WEATHER WEAPS.

was sewed a gathered deep ruffle of the same, lined with black satin. The collar set high and was notched, and all around the neck and down the front was a band of bear fur. There were two revers, inverted and reaching the bottom, leaving place for the hands to be put out. The whole was lined with quilted black satin.

Another was made in the same shape, with the exception that the fronts reached under to the sides, leaving the outside hanging over like sleeves.

A pretty caprice is now to have a stout gold chain around the neck which clasps inside the muff to hold it in place. The chain should not be too large, but rather fine. It gives a decidedly bright look to a somber outfit.

FEMININE ATHLETICS.

Dianna Who Hunt, Fair Fisher Women, and Players of Golf, Tennis and Hockey.

A review of the athletic sports and pastimes in which women are becoming prominent is most interesting in review and most encouraging in prophecy of the future. There are women who stalk and shoot and fish, and there are others who make a profession of some particular game whose names at once remind us of a tennis court or golf ground. After Mrs. Tyacke, the bravest Dianna of modern date, and one or two other English women who have shot the bears in the woodland, come the women who have stalked and killed the red deer. Stalking may be hard, rough work, requiring an unusual amount of endurance, but there are plenty of English women who possess the strength and delight in the brief galking season. In this country a well known huntswoman is Mrs. Will Allen Bromgole, a writer well known to the Boston literary set, who has a cabin in the Tennessee mountains, with portiers and window hangings of fox and coon and bear skins and ornaments of antlers from the deer she has shot herself. Many English women, too, are as good with a rod as with a rifle, and the list is headed by the Princess of Wales and her daughters, all of whom are good salmon fishers. The Duchess of Eife has fished regularly on the Decall the autumn with much success, having caught between 20 and 40 salmon. To handle a heavy salmon rod well and to make a cast of some 40 or 50 feet of line so that the fly shall alight on the water within a few inches of the desired spot require a great amount of strength as well as much practice.

Lawn tennis a dozen years ago was the resource of every summer girl, but now in many country places in England the most deserted corner of the pleasure grounds is the lawn tennis court. "Society has ceased to flirt with lawn tennis." It may be the century out, but every year it will be played less by those who have no particular facility for it and given over to the champions.

Golf has taken the place of tennis, and it is capital exercise for sinews and muscles, is not extremely fatiguing, and in England can be played both in winter and summer. The game is played on a large grass covered space with tiny balls and odd little hooks or clubs, by means of which the ball is propelled over the ground. The art of driving these little balls from one hole in the ground to another is by no means so easy as it looks, but it is by no means impossible to the woman who does not lose her temper when the ball gets into a "bunker" and has the good sense to wear suitable and comfortable clothing. Golfing women are said to be more enthusiastic over their favorite game than half the men who play on the "links."

Hockey is another favorite game, particularly with English college girls, though it is rather rough. It is played on a smooth, level rectangle, with the players divided into groups occupying the two ends of the ground. A ball with a thick knotted end is used to knock the ball from the opponent's end of the line. The Thames has a ladies' "eight," too, which attracts considerable attention. The members of the crew are all neatly attired in white, with ties and hat bands of Leander crease. They pull a light craft, and their rowing is remarkably good, with the proper time and body swing. Wellesley college girls, too, have a crew, well trained and doing pretty work with the oars, while every class has its chosen eight in training during the season. Intercollegiate boat races between the women's colleges may be a feature of the twentieth century sooner at hand and which is already known as the woman's century.—New York Sun.

Mrs. Wallace on Suffrage. Mrs. Zerelda G. Wallace, the mother of Ben Hur, is spending the winter in Chicago. She says: "How I rejoice over the results of the woman's suffrage campaign in Colorado, not so much that the women have the suffrage as because the whole thing shows the progress and development of men quite as much as of women. Talk as much as we may of the progress of woman, the whole question revolves itself into this: That, until men grow just, broad and grand, they will never deal righteously with us or themselves. Hence I feel that the attitude of the men in Colorado is the most hopeful feature. It is only the beginning of the end. Let us thank God and take courage. Humanity will in time reach its high destiny and vindicate its claim to divine origin."—Union Signal.

Don't Rustle.

It is no longer the thing to have your skirts rustle, because that no longer guarantees silk lining. There comes now a cotton lining that can outlast silk, so now you must not allow your skirts to rustle, and if you have the mentioned cotton lining in take it out, because its rustle says "Cotton, cotton," and nothing else. If you have real silk take it out, for it says "Cotton, cotton," just like the other. Dress-makers will tell you that skirts lined with silk wear better, hang better, or something, so maybe you will have silk just the same, only it must not rustle.—New York Mail and Express.

Mrs. Eliza F. Routt.

Mrs. Eliza F. Routt, wife of ex-Governor John L. Routt of Colorado, was the first woman in Denver who registered to vote under the new equal suffrage law. She gave her occupation as housewife, and her voters were ex-Governor Routt and State Senator Charles Hartsell. Mrs. Routt is president of the Denver Equal Suffrage League. Her husband was the last territorial governor and the first governor of Colorado after the territory was admitted to statehood. She registered Saturday evening, immediately after the proclamation was issued by Governor Waite.—Denver Letter.



TWO PARIS GOWNS.

A TWICE MARRIED COUPLE.

After Divorce, Love Asserted Itself and Crushed that Pride.

A secret wedding occurred recently under most unusual circumstances. The most peculiar feature of the strange matrimonial event is that the contracting parties had been married to each other nearly 30 years ago and quite recently separated by divorce. The groom was John Walsh, one of the best known and most respected citizens of Columbia. The bride was his former wife, Josephine, whose friends are among the oldest and best families of the city. Mr. Walsh is an extensive real estate dealer, and has long been one of the wealthiest men of the north side. Mr. and Mrs. Walsh occupied an elegant home, and their married life until of recent date seemed to be all sunshine.

The public was profoundly surprised last June to hear that Mrs. Walsh had sued for divorce on the grounds of incompatibility of temper and harsh treatment. Every one who knew John Walsh personally was satisfied that he was guilty of no grievous wrong. The same people, or those of them who also knew Mrs. Walsh, were sure that she had been a good and faithful wife. Therefore, it soon came to be understood that Mr. and Mrs. Walsh, because of a combination of trivial controversies and a mutual desire to avoid further disputes, had agreed to permanently disagree by separating forever. It was a very solemn step, and it was not taken hastily. They considered it several weeks while living together beneath the same roof and in the house both had called home for so many years. Finally, however, Mrs. Walsh took the decisive action, and her suit being uncontested the courts soon did the rest. She was granted an unconditional decree of divorce and Mr. Walsh generously settled upon her a goodly share of his estate. Mrs. Walsh removed to 1,411 Summit street, while her divorced husband took up his residence at the Park hotel.

It was not long until both began to long for the old home, with its cherished memories and its many comforts, but pride stepped in when harsh feelings left, and they remained apart. Mrs. Walsh was perhaps not the greater sufferer of the two, but she was the first to succumb to the pains of separation. Putting back pride, chagrin—everything but the old devotion for her husband—she made the first overture. Mr. Walsh was more slow to forget what he regarded as the great injury he had suffered. He hesitated, and for a time it seemed the divorce suit would outlive the rekindled fires of affection. One day Mrs. Walsh carried to her former husband's office deeds for all the property he had conveyed to her when the separation occurred. With these deeds she took to him others for all the property she had possessed before their marriage, which was of considerable value. She gave them to him, and then, standing there practically penniless and alone in the world, asked him to take her back to his heart and home.

"I have made over all my property to you, as you will observe by these deeds," said Mrs. Walsh, "and now I want to again be your loving wife, as of old. If you will not consent to a reunion, then I want to die, and I shall take my own life, leaving what I had and what you gave me to you."

Mr. Walsh thrust back the deeds to the property, and in their stead took to his arms the woman whose undying devotion had replaced her upon that pedestal in man's heart which can be occupied only by his wife. A marriage license was secured for the second time, and a ceremony duly performed. The affair had been kept very quiet, and this is the first announcement of the happy finale in the troubles of John and Josephine Walsh.—Columbia C. r. Cincinnati Enquirer.

Value of a Mother-in-law.

The first case on record in which a man has sued for damages sustained by the death of his mother-in-law came up in the superior court of California. One Webb, whose mother-in-law met her death through the defective methods of street construction employed in the city of Marysville, brought suit against the municipal corporation for damages in the sum of \$5,000. The case was an unusual one, and the trial was looked forward to with lively interest by lawyers and others eager to learn what assessable value a man might claim to possess in the person, service and companionship of his mother-in-law. Unfortunately for those who had awaited the trial of the issue, the action was brief and terminated abruptly. The superior court,

on a demurrer from the defendant, threw the case out of court, simply ruling that there was no cause of action. The monetary value of a mother-in-law is therefore still an unknown quantity in California.—New York Herald.

Another Crank Broke Loose.

He had strayed into one of the public buildings, and was looking curiously at a rack on which were a number of hand grenade fire extinguishers. He was a very mild looking little man, and he called out, "Say!" to several people before he could get attention. At last a watchman saw him and said: "What are you doing here?" "Nothing in particular. But now that I'm here I've got an idea. I want to borrow one of those fire extinguishers." "What for?" "Cos I'm cold and hungry, and the only place I can be anywhere comfortable in is jail. But I don't want to do anything that'll hurt my conscience too git in." "But how will the fire extinguisher help you?" "Why, I'll just grab it and smash my hair up and run through the street. Then I'll get arrested for being a crank and get more square meals than I've had before in months."—Washington Star.

Scotch Consistency.

Extreme piousness is often more provocative of humor than of admiration, as the employers of a certain punitarian young Scotchman have found out. He came from some country place near Edinburgh with the strongest of recommendations from his old pastor, who stated, among other things, that "see guide a boy he was that there was scarcely a dry eye in the congregation when it was announced that he was to go to America to seek his fortune." He proved to be not only a good clerk, but obliging to his friends, and when the annual picnic was planned he proposed to save his fellow clerics the expense of printing their programmes by typewriting them himself. When, however, the list of diversions for the day's pleasure was handed him, and he found that dancing was among them, he exclaimed violently:

"I'll use print that ungodly word 'dancing' on paper. I'll typewrite the rest of it and leave a blank for that wicked word, which some of you worldly men can put in for yourselves!"—Harper's Bazar.

FIOS AND THISTLES.

This world is too small to show just how big a good man is.

Love is doubted when it leaves the cost mark on the present.

When the devil fishes for men, he does not let them see him bait the hook.

It will not help your own crop any to throw stones at your neighbor's truck patch.

When you pray for God to bless other people, don't insist that he shall do it in your way.

One reason why some men do not have better wives is because they are such poor husbands.

The man who has a kind word for everybody will not need a brass band to draw mourners to his funeral.

It is about as wise to sit on the limb of a tree and saw it off as it is to worry about things we cannot help.—Rams Horn.

An English Christmas Custom.

In Staffordshire, England, the children when hanging up their stockings on Christmas eve repeat the following rhyme addressed to the good fairy of Christmas, believing that it will infallibly insure the bringing of whatever gift they most desire:

Christmas day of Christmas day, Let me wish what wish I may, If I think, with love, of you, You will make my wish come true.

Not What It Used to Be.

"It's hard for us folks to get a living nowadays," said an old itinerant minstrel man the other day as he closed the shutters on his nearly broken down wagon preparatory to leaving a little country village near Philadelphia. "It used to be that we made lots of money, but then these city fellows got to offering cabinet photographs for so little that people don't want minstrel any more, and we have a mighty hard time to keep the wolf from the door."—Philadelphia Call.

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MR. J. H. Wetherell's Academy of Dancing, at 623 Jackson street, Bernis Building, will open Monday evening, Oct. 2. For terms, address at Academy. Hall for rent for parties or balls.
MR. C. D. Hudson's dancing class for children will open Saturday, October 14th, at 3 p. m., at Music hall. Advanced class for adults every Monday evening. Beginners' class commencing Tuesday Evening, Nov. 28.

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